

a low tone, leaning around the table as he spoke.

"I think she's beautiful now," answered Lillie. "Just look at her cheeks and lips, they're as red as roses, and how soft and bright her eyes are. Dear mother, I never saw her look better."

Mr. Beckerton discussed the subject of this conversation with the mother, and of the eyes and lips, and the softness of the skin.

"Your mother is growing young, isn't she? I think she is. You'll be a good mother to the children of these days, I hope."

"Oh, mom, how I longed for Mr. Beckerton to say this! You had forgotten how we hate him. Though truly there is nothing like happiness, an old man can feel it. I think I have learned to understand it, and wonder if it is the same as it is now. I am not old enough to know it, but now I am sure of it. I am going to do differently."

"What can Lillie do with her boarding school education? Not much to help you, I warrant," said Mr. Beckerton, jocosely.

"Indeed I can," replied Lillie. "Wait until you see what I have for your Christmas present."

The mother and daughter exchanged fond and meaning glances.

"This is a good Christmas," said Mr. Beckerton. "I haven't anticipated one half so much since I was a child. Of course, all I do will be for the youngsters, mother doesn't want anything. She lives for you, children, and will quite satisfy if you get your stockings full," and he looked gravely at the soft brown eyes that were bent tenderly upon him.

"No, I am sure I don't want anything. What more could I ask? I have everything I could want. A really beautiful home, and all glances round the parlor where they were sitting, a husband whose only fault is that he's dearly loved to tease me, and I am sure no mother was ever blessed with better children than I have."

"That's what I want," repeated Mr. Beckerton, emphasizing the last word. "It seems to me that is rather an old-fashioned pin."

"And if it is, I wouldn't change it for one covered with rubies and pearls," answered Mrs. Beckerton, with much emotion.

"Nature of diamonds either, I suppose," said Mr. Beckerton carelessly.

"No, not even of diamonds. Didn't you buy this and bring it home on the first anniversary of our wedding day when Lillie there lay a little tiny thing on my breast, scarce a month old? I am sure I never had anything in my life please me half as much."

"Which?" the baby or the pin," said Mr. Beckerton, smiling.

Well, the baby did know me the most, that is fact, but you know I meant the pin, and Mrs. Beckerton joined good humoredly in Lillie and Edward's hearty laughter.

The twins came down from the sitting room with some complaint of Harry, who loitered behind them in the hall. His mother called him in, and reprimanded him gently, but he was so much displeased, that when he went around, as was his custom, to kiss them all good night, he omitted his mother.

Mrs. Beckerton did not seem to notice it, but Harry never forgot it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN OLD-TIME DANCE IN COLORADO.

The first settlers of Boulder went there in 1858. In 1859 quite a number went, and some sixty log houses were erected before 1860 stopped in. Of these log houses but few remain. Christmas, 1859, saw a jocund crowd of dancers in one of these houses, windowless, we believe, at that time. The dancing was done after fun, however. On the night in question about a hundred sons of toil and seekers of gold and their fortunes, and seventeen ladies had assembled at the above named place to partake of frontier merrymaking. Marquis G. Smith was then one of the bears of town, and his dress suit consisted of a pair of pants made out of seamless socks, and colored blue by the aid of log wood. A truly now living town had an elegant dress made out of the same colored by the hand of a master. There were six white shirts in the neighborhood then, most of the pioneers wearing woven or flannel ones. A man with a white shirt on was in style and could dance with his coat off, a man without any would wear a coat buttoned up to the neck. Coats for dancing purposes did not seem to be any too numerous, consequently the pioneers helped each other out. For instance, Mr. Nichols had six white shirts, which were all at that ball, and the rest of these six white shirts were to be worn to cover the back of some one else. When such a fellow as Nichols would loan his coat to another, and then his turn would come, so the white shirts and the long coats were dancing all night and went around among the 200 men. There were no wall flowers among the seventeen ladies. But they say the supper for the occasion was a grand affair. Wash bowls full of coffee, great bunches of black sauced duck, jack rabbit, game, and delicacies brought from the States in cans, all would make up a glorious supper, one that the partakers would like to see repeated. There may not have been much style, but the seamless socks and flour bags saw as much pure enjoyment as does the finest and gaudiest attire of to-day.

LADY'S DRESS IN 1775.

Mr. Fairholme, in his interesting work on Costume in England, gives an engraving of two ladies dressed in the newest dressings taken at Sandgate in the year 1775. After describing the head dress, he then turns his attention to the costume. In the case of one lady, round the neck, he says, is worn a tight single ribbon. The gown is described as high behind, but low at the breast, having a stomacher over which it is faced with gold and silver twist, and a large bunch of flowers is stuck in the breast, the body being tightly confined in a stays. The stays are described as being tight, "i.e., close at the waist, and the smallest amount of ruffles. Long gloves are worn, and fans are seen constantly.

The gown or "polonaise" is open at the waist, and "is gathered in festoons at the sides, the edges being ornamented with silk ribbon in puffs, forming a diamond shape pattern, and edged with lace, the petticoat being similarly decorated. Small high heeled shoes are worn, and the shoes are plumed with ribbons. The sleeves of the gown are decorated with rows of plumed ribbons, encircling the arm which it bears, which it is become a fashion to wear of a different color to the gown. Both ladies wear small hoops, but somewhat lower than they were originally placed.

The San Francisco Chinamen, like Hamlet's father can and do a tale unfold it is called a pagtail.

THE WINTERTON BOUGH.

The merry "bough the mistletoe" With happy berries gladden bright, While Christmas trees gleam and glow When the winter boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.

With the boughs the boughs are white The boughs with the boughs.</p

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE UNTRUSTED GRACIE.
BY MARY ALICE DE VRIES.

she picked a little dainty flower.
With fingers of a hand of gold,
soft petals warm and warm within,
and she used to have her fortune-told.

"He loves me," low she moaned said,
And plucked the border leaf by leaf;
"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better;
The leaves have fallen down,
And strewed the meadow's grassy floor.

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better;
Ah, foolish me, to measure out
Love's value on a dainty leaf!

For she pulled the latest leaf
With such a touch you will surely know,
He'll love me till his dying day.

Summoned to Save.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

The shadows lengthened fast across the lonely forest road. It was only a few minutes to five o'clock when at length they came in sight of their destination. At the end of a long, wild, grass-grown avenue, branching off to the left of the road, rose all of that remained of the great front gate of the chateau; one massive pier alone was standing, the other, together with the wall, had crumbled to decay, and the long, dry mud had been converted into a garden. Coming through the rough, wooden structure which supplied the place of the old drawbridge, they found themselves in what had been the outer court of the chateau, now used as a rice-yard. In the midst stood a picturesque pile of ruins of which the only portion that seemed habitable was a mossy tower with pointed, red-tiled roof. On to the side of this had been built, with the old materials lying ready to hand, a modern farm-house, quaint, rambling, weather-beaten structure, while did no violence to its antique surroundings. No one was in sight, and the place was profoundly still, except for the melancholy howling of a dog within the house. Leaving the carriage, they crossed the courtyard to the front-door, which stood half open.

Motioning to Sir Frederick to keep back a moment, Gertrude ascended the worn stone steps and looked in. A cool, dark, shadowy room, with a corner log-cabin shadow; a perforated chimney, with smoke from a hooded chimney, and a wide stone hearth. On a low stool near the hearth, with drooping head, and hands clasped round her knees, sat an old woman, in a black serge skirt, and Normandy cap.

Gertrude Vansittart entered, and stooping over her, gently touched her shoulder. She raised her head, and then, with a sudden start and thrill of startled recognition, Gertrude saw one of the faces of her dream.

As the old fermiere looked up at her strange visitor, at the pale beautiful face and the golden hair, which lighted from behind by the setting sun, looked like the auricle of a pictured saint, she seemed for a moment to doubt whether it was not a celestial apparition.

Gertrude saw the unspoken thought, and understood it.

"She is not a vision," she said quickly, with a faint smile. "I am a woman like yourself. My friend and I are come to the funeral. Has it left the house?"

"A quarter of an hour ago," was the reply.

Gertrude wrung her hands. "Where is the chuchyard? show me the way!"

The other, wondering at her excitement, and vaguely infested by it, rose slowly to her feet.

"I am too stiff with rheumatism to walk, or I should have gone myself," she said.

"The nearest road is down the court of the castle, through the fields—but if I tell you will never find the way. Stay! I will send the dog with you, he will follow them straight as an arrow. We were obliged to lock him up," she continued, as she passed through a doorway communicating with the old tower and ascended a short flight of stone steps to an arched, nail-studded door. "It was a strange thing, but he would not let them take the coffin, he defended it like a mad creature, and it was nearly half-an-hour before they could master him. Stand back, madame."

The caution was not unnecessary, for the moment the door was opened the great Norman hound leaped out with a rush and spring of a tiger, cleared the steps at a bound, and dashed out of the house.

"Nimporte; we will have to wait, while you open the courtyard gate, then you can follow him," said the old woman.

Crossing the inner court of the chateau, which was now a picturesquely untidy farm, with a cluster of cottages at their approach and fluttered to the door-cote on the roof of the old tower, they reached the gate, which the dog was vainly trying to push open. Then, traversing an orchard, white with blossoms, and a field beyond, they entered a pine-wood, where the twilight shadows were gathering thick, and, emerging from this, found them selves in a little glade, set like an emerald in the green gloom of the woods. Here stood the ancient chapel and graveyard of Chaudane.

The last level rays of the setting sun shone into the glade, and lay in long shafts of light across the humble graves. At the further side of the churchyard, a crowd of people, chiefly peasants, were gathered round an open grave into which the coffin had just been lowered; the grey-headed curé was sprinkling it with holy water, and pronouncing some words of benediction which sounded distinctly in the hushed sob.

As Sir Frederick and Gertrude made their way towards the group, every head was turned save that of the curé, who stood with his back to them.

Gertrude approached, and laid her hand on his arm. "He started and turned, looking at her with grave surprise.

"What do you interrupt the holy rites of the dead?" he questioned, almost sternly.

Her answer was given in a low but distinct tone which reached every ear. "Because I have reason to believe that you are celebrating them over the living."

A sort of thrill and tremor through the crowd, swelling to a confused murmur of astonishment, but on Eustace LeFevere the words acted like a galvanic shock. Starting to his feet, his sun-burnt face blanched to a sickly pallor, he fixed his eyes on Gertrude with a wild look of mingled astonishment and incredulity.

"What do you tell me?" exclaimed the curé, in an altered voice.

"The truth, as I hope and believe," she answered firmly. "The girl who lies there is not dead but entranced."

He looked at her in douts and perplexity. "You are a stranger here,

WORTH, THE FAMOUS BARBARIAN BREWERY.

Worth, a correspondent says, has a large establishment in the Rue de la Paix, Paris, a very fine building, costing \$10,000, which stands out at all its gaudy, bright, and gay. It employs number twelve hundred in all, and during the Commune, when nobly ordered dressers had been mistaken for dandies, Worth, a short, sun-burnt, grey-haired gentle man stepped forward from the crowded country doctor who had attended Gertrude.

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

A short, sun-burnt, grey-haired gentle man stepped forward from the crowded country doctor who had attended Gertrude.

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—
With these loves—severed better."

"A little—too much—not at all—

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The Post will be mailed to any address for one year for \$0.00. For six months, 50¢.

FREE RATES:

5 copies, one year	50¢
6 copies	60¢
7 copies	70¢
8 copies	80¢
9 copies	90¢
10 copies	100¢
11 copies	110¢
12 copies	120¢
13 copies	130¢
14 copies	140¢
15 copies	150¢
16 copies	160¢
17 copies	170¢
18 copies	180¢
19 copies	190¢
20 copies	200¢

Additional rates can be made of any time and at any rate.

NOTICE:
Subscribers wishing their paper changed will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed from, as well as the Post Office they wish to have their mail sent to.

ADVERTISING: Advertising letters to us should be addressed to the name of State as well as town in which they live.

Post Masters, or others, sending for claim, would enclose a letter by having them sent to one address where they can do so conveniently.

ADVERTISING FEES OF UNDESIRABLE ADVERTISEMENTS RECEIVED AT THE FOLLOWING RATES, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE:

Fifty cents per line of space. Agency management, for each insertion.

Small Notices 10 cents per line.

Business, Manufacturing, &c., 15 cents per line.

Address all orders and make all drafts payable to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

No. 28 BROAD STREET,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 26, 1877.

THE EXTRA HOLIDAY NUMBER

Our Christmas Salutatory.

FOUR ADDITIONAL PAGES.

FOUR SERIALS.

Seventy-two Columns!

We are happy to announce to our many readers on this festival occasion that we are able to present them a Christmas gift, with a

SUPPLEMENT

full of surprise matter, and that we repeat the promise of the Post, that the New Year number will be a complete series of serials, short stories by the best authors, and first-class original matter in all its departments shall be fulfilled to the letter. Our readers will please notice that, with this number of the paper, we give four extra pages of unequal value. Now is the time to renew your subscriptions. Friends and well-wishers every one that we have always striven to make the paper an excellent one, and will not relax any effort in the future, therefore we ask your consideration and support. The chief feature of this Christmas number is the commencement of the admirable and graphic serial, called

THE BUCKTHORPE.

By the author of "The Passions of Oberon." This highly original and attractive story is from the pen of Alfred T. Moreton, known also to fame as Clara Moreton. The fiction is alone worth the subscription to the paper, and a production of wonderful merit.

FEATHERS, THE FREE.

This powerful romance, the initial chapter of which has been edited and delighted our readers, is continued, and grows more interesting as it proceeds.

HOME CULTURE.

By Mrs. H. Ward, continues to delight and instruct, and will in this number, be continued. The penman of all the best literary writing, refinement, and the higher classes of society. This department of the Post is of intrinsic value, and there is no one who reads and appreciates it but will thank us for the prints it provides.

HOME GARDEN TO SUNLIGHT.

This highly effective serial is continued, and is an artistic and beautiful series of life pictures which cannot fail to enchant.

BOOKS OF ORIGIN

has become an important feature of the Post, and covers an amount of information selected and systematized, which is of infinite service both to the scholar and the general reader.

In addition to these attractions the proprietors of the Post have secured an entirely

NEW CHRISTMAS STORY

in three parts—a work of great merit and interest, and thoroughly dramatic, entitled

MY HOLIDAY PATIENT.

or

A DESPERATE CASE

Also a new short story of the season, of much interest.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

These our readers will see at a glance that we are offering them, in the regular number of the paper, unparalleled attractions, but in addition to all this we issue

THE CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT,

containing a beautifully illustrated

FASHION PLATE,

an amusing and entertaining narrative called

THAT HOUSE OF MINE,

a very excellent sketch called

ONLY A SONG,

and a page and a half of new and delightful

MUSIC,

a song by Alice Hawthorne entitled

ONCE UPON A TIME.

We also call attention to the special department of New Notes, the excellently edited and attractive CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES, and the charming FIVE AND PHOTOCOPY, FASCINATING LITERARY NOTES, FARM AND GARDEN, and ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS, and CHILDREN'S STORIES, by ALEX. BROWN, etc., etc.

OUR MISCELLANY

for the Holidays will be found fresh and instructive, comprising absorbing and new articles upon the current topics of action, travel, biography and history.

OUR READERS will find great interest in the *Kurzweil Department* of interest, the views of the *Editor* as expressed in *Editorial Essays*, a group of short *short paragraphs* that lead being especially original and suggestive.

And now with all the choicer wares of the season to all our readers, and with many thanks for their appreciation of our efforts to please and interest them in the past, we leave them to the enjoyment of this Christmas and New Year, which we doubt not will be a happy one.

"A FEAST OF FEASTS AND A FLOW OF FEASTS."

We shall endeavor to make the Post a true family paper, and shall spare no expense to keep its high reputation unassailed, all its departments varied and original, and its tone pure and up to all we say again.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

CHINESE.

There have been bad times of late, and the clouds that gathered about all of us seemed to cumulate and strengthen and grow in darkness, despite our prayers for brighter, better days, but now let us forget all that, for the clouds have rolled away and we look forward to the season in which there should be nothing but joy, joy unclouded, music, the merry voices of children, light, color, charity and kind feelings, one towards another, humanity and true Christianity.

It does not seem like an old story when we speak of that mystic star which shone upon Bethlehem one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven years ago, and the light of which put to flight the demons which had long haunted human progress. We are children for the nonce at this season of the year, and we listen to the story of the birth of a saviour, and see in imagination the shining of that star, the wonder of the wise men, the long train of camels that came to the poor stable where He was, affluent, and where the lonely shepherds, sore footed and weary, came in with faces of awe and dashed with the supernatural glory of the place, to gaze upon the "Light of the World." "Ye, we are children, for this one brief Christmas, and thank God that we are! for when we return to our actualities, the clouds gather again, and we are lost in darkness. Let us then be as children and take delight in what they take delight. Assemble them about us and make the house ring again with their laughter and jollity.

In the great sitting room the Christmas tree is already decked and prepared, and shines with candles—rich in candle, gilded simulators and cornucopias of choice sweets. Outside the window hangs the monstrous turkey which is to be sacrificed upon the morrow, the thought of which makes our mouths to water. There is fun everywhere, rollicking fun too, not only indoors, but in the street and in the theatre, where the Christmas pantomime is the very scene of the absurd, and where we grow up old folks and grey heads and serious people scream with delight at the antics of the clown, and cannot help it. Everything is excused at Christmas time, and the merry saturnalia which so elated the Greek and Roman world before the advent of Christ, was as nothing compared with the frolic, the freedom, the variety and above all, the love of the diabolical saturnalia of ours at home.

We are awakened at grey dawn by a blare of trumpets and horns, which emphasizes the fact that it is Christmas, and that the weather is coolish and that the joys seem to be up early. After breakfast comes a ring at the door, and thenceward there is a succession of astonishing bundles of all shapes and sizes, in brown paper—labelled with our names—securely and very heavy. These are Christmas presents, and when with impatience fingers we struggle with the twine and in despair fly to the scissars for relief, and cut the bonds that set our treasures free, lo! we are gratified at the sight of a complete bric-a-brac shop, a perfect menagerie of novelties! Books—jewelry—vases—clocks—statues—calicos and ceramics until we, overburdened with our treasures, stagger into a seat and exclaim, "It is indeed true that it is 'more blessed to give than to receive'."

And on this joyous occasion of the advent of our Christmas, let us be children in heart, in faith, in purity—and let us not forget the children of our brothers and sisters of the poor in our midst. It is not our purpose to preach philanthropic sermons upon this event, but we do insist that every man and woman who uses them; is to appear the inimitable yearning of overworked humanity for rest and pleasure—and has in rise in our very weakness and in our prayers for strength and power, mental and physical. Nevertheless the remedy they apply to the sickness of his or her brother or sister by gifts which are of the heart. Much can be done with little, and it does not need the purse of a Monte Christo to render our neighbor happy. Let us do this, and the Christmas chimes will be a sweeter music in our hearing, and the sermon of the day more complete with meaning, and our New Year more fruitful of good, for God will bless it, and a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to everyone we say.

CERAMIC ART.

Art took its primitive form in pottery, and ceramic ware antedated sculpture. The potter became in course of time the sculptor, and the same plastic, ductile clay which had been shaped under his hand into jugs and vases to fill the needs of the people, as his knowledge increased and his inspiration waned, became responsive to his touch in building up the antique. And so the ceramic art was the primal awakening of all art, so the taste of a people for such art became an awakening to a sense of appreciation for the beautiful in higher forms—from pottery to sculpture, from sculpture to painting.

It is so true that the art of making earthenware into beautiful forms was the nucleus of an art taste among the primitive nations, that we have only to consult the collections of archaeologists to establish the fact. Egypt and China, two of the most venerable of nations, have from time immemorial been producers of superb work in the line of ceramics. In fact, to-day these nations produce nothing finer than their vases and other ornamental pottery. With them the art of sculpture is but a name, and painting a thing unknown. Their sculpture is a grotesque caricature of the human form, as his knowledge increased and his inspiration waned, became responsive to his touch in building up the antique. And so the ceramic art was the primal awakening of all art, so the taste of a people for such art became an awakening to a sense of appreciation for the beautiful in higher forms—from pottery to sculpture, from sculpture to painting.

It is so true that the art of making earthenware into beautiful forms was the nucleus of an art taste among the primitive nations, that we have only to consult the collections of archaeologists to establish the fact. Egypt and China, two of the most venerable of nations, have from time immemorial been producers of superb work in the line of ceramics. In fact, to-day these nations produce nothing finer than their vases and other ornamental pottery.

With them the art of sculpture is but a name, and painting a thing unknown. Their sculpture is a grotesque caricature of the human form, as his knowledge increased and his inspiration waned, became responsive to his touch in building up the antique. And so the ceramic art was the primal awakening of all art, so the taste of a people for such art became an awakening to a sense of appreciation for the beautiful in higher forms—from pottery to sculpture, from sculpture to painting.

It is so true that the art of making earthenware into beautiful forms was the nucleus of an art taste among the primitive nations, that we have only to consult the collections of archaeologists to establish the fact. Egypt and China, two of the most venerable of nations, have from time immemorial been producers of superb work in the line of ceramics. In fact, to-day these nations produce nothing finer than their vases and other ornamental pottery.

With them the art of sculpture is but a name, and painting a thing unknown.

It is so true that the art of making earthenware into beautiful forms was the nucleus of an art taste among the primitive nations, that we have only to consult the collections of archaeologists to establish the fact. Egypt and China, two of the most venerable of nations, have from time immemorial been producers of superb work in the line of ceramics. In fact, to-day these nations produce nothing finer than their vases and other ornamental pottery.

With them the art of sculpture is but a name, and painting a thing unknown.

It is so true that the art of making earthenware into beautiful forms was the nucleus of an art taste among the primitive nations, that we have only to consult the collections of archaeologists to establish the fact. Egypt and China, two of the most venerable of nations, have from time immemorial been producers of superb work in the line of ceramics. In fact, to-day these nations produce nothing finer than their vases and other ornamental pottery.

With them the art of sculpture is but a name, and painting a thing unknown.

It is so true that the art of making earthenware into beautiful forms was the nucleus of an art taste among the primitive nations, that we have only to consult the collections of archaeologists to establish the fact. Egypt and China, two of the most venerable of nations, have from time immemorial been producers of superb work in the line of ceramics. In fact, to-day these nations produce nothing finer than their vases and other ornamental pottery.

With them the art of sculpture is but a name, and painting a thing unknown.

It is so true that the art of making earthenware into beautiful forms was the nucleus of an art taste among the primitive nations, that we have only to consult the collections of archaeologists to establish the fact. Egypt and China, two of the most venerable of nations, have from time immemorial been producers of superb work in the line of ceramics. In fact, to-day these nations produce nothing finer than their vases and other ornamental pottery.

With them the art of sculpture is but a name, and painting a thing unknown.

It is so true that the art of making earthenware into beautiful forms was the nucleus of an art taste among the primitive nations, that we have only to consult the collections of archaeologists to establish the fact. Egypt and China, two of the most venerable of nations, have from time immemorial been producers of superb work in the line of ceramics. In fact, to-day these nations produce nothing finer than their vases and other ornamental pottery.

With them the art of sculpture is but a name, and painting a thing unknown.

It is so true that the art of making earthenware into beautiful forms was the nucleus of an art taste among the primitive nations, that we have only to consult the collections of archaeologists to establish the fact. Egypt and China, two of the most venerable of nations, have from time immemorial been producers of superb work in the line of ceramics. In fact, to-day these nations produce nothing finer than their vases and other ornamental pottery.

With them the art of sculpture is but a name, and painting a thing unknown.

It is so true that the art of making earthenware into beautiful forms was the nucleus of an art taste among the primitive nations, that we have only to consult the collections of archaeologists to establish the fact. Egypt and China, two of the most venerable of nations, have from time immemorial been producers of superb work in the line of ceramics. In fact, to-day these nations produce nothing finer than their vases and other ornamental pottery.

With them the art of sculpture is but a name, and painting a thing unknown.

It is so true that the art of making earthenware into beautiful forms was the nucleus of an art taste among the primitive nations, that we have only to consult the collections of archaeologists to establish the fact. Egypt and China, two of the most venerable of nations, have from time immemorial been producers of superb work in the line of ceramics. In fact, to-day these nations produce nothing finer than their vases and other ornamental pottery.

With them the art of sculpture is but a name, and painting a thing unknown.

It is so true that the art of making earthenware into beautiful forms was the nucleus of an art taste among the primitive nations, that we have only to consult the collections of archaeologists to establish the fact. Egypt and China, two of the most venerable of nations, have from time immemorial been producers of superb work in the line of ceramics. In fact, to-day these nations produce nothing finer than their vases and other ornamental pottery.

With them the art of sculpture is but a name, and painting a thing unknown.

It is so true that the art of making earthenware into beautiful forms was the nucleus of an art taste among the primitive nations, that we have only to consult the collections of archaeologists to establish the fact. Egypt and China, two of the most venerable of nations, have from time immemorial been producers of superb work in the line of ceramics. In fact, to-day these nations produce nothing finer than their vases and other ornamental pottery.

With them the art of sculpture is but a name, and painting a thing unknown.

CHRISTMAS ELEGIES.

—AND ONE.

Good time, I suppose,
Perhaps not—who knows!

—AND TWO.

Very nicely I can't remember
What took place in that December.

—AND THREE.

A dreamy vision through the fog,
Of a rag doll and a tiny dog.

—AND FOUR.

Christmas trees and winter pines,
Frosty glaze and clearer skies.

—AND FIVE.

Baking pumpkins and howling carts,
Hunting hags with baby girls.

—AND SIX.

After the holidays going to school—
As fully jolly as the house rule.

—AND SEVEN.

Home for the holidays with the track
Of foreign care upon my back.

—AND EIGHT.

No more school, no more happy day,
A college man has his own way.

—AND NINE.

Fifth session of the year,
Come home to be domesticated;
Doctors ordered country air,
And therefore I was "christened."

—AND TEN.

Fair trees and triple glades,
Coral reefs and dusky mists.

—AND TWENTY-FIVE.

Strange blossoms and misty velvets
Shot by the arrow that never fails.

—AND THIRTY.

Steely now, settled at last,
Work for the future—dreams of the past.

—AND FORTY.

With the children round the hearth
Sweeten life and clear the path.

—AND FIFTY.

Leaving home, and I sing!
Begin to think, and don't be grace.

—AND SIXTY.

Near the bottom of the slope,
Now the sun is low, and the day is gone.
That takes each worn-out gift of life,
And bears it to the Giver.My Holiday Patient;
OR,
A DESPERATE CASE.I am one of those women who, being on
dowed with a love of knowledge, a disposition
to gratify it, and means, mental,
peculiarities and otherwise, of accomplishing
that object, have devoted to serious study
the years which have passed over my sex
give a complete, systematic, and other
methodical machinations.It is not, however, my purpose in these
pages to deliver a history upon the
higher education of women, therefore, leaving
my personal views and social creed un-
defended, I pass on without further preface to
the simple relation of certain facts which
I have undertaken to make public in the
following story.Having taken at a continental university
the medical degree which my own country
denied me, I quitted forever the scene of
my birth, and, in consequence of my
homeward. The fatigue and excitement
caused by my recent examinations had im-
paired my health and wasted my brain
to such an extent that I judged it best, in-
stead of proceeding directly to England, to
pass a fortnight or three weeks in a holiday
ramble through a few of the liveliest and
most noted of the many tourist resorts in
Europe.It was late Autumn, warm and
sunny the weather for the purpose,
and pleasant enough for enjoyment
lightened my heart. I completed my first
walk of the editor's hotel at the little
lake town I had chosen as my resting place
for that night.When I had removed my traveling dress
and ordered my dinner, the water brought
me the hotel visitors book, an official
looking tome of portentous size, in which
he politely requested me to write my
name and it was with a feeling of natural
and irrepressible gratification which the
sympathetic reader will surely condone,
that I found myself for the first time in my
life enabled to make public use of the
homely prettiness my late toils had earned,
and to sign myself, to the intense admira-
tion of the waiter afterward. Dr. Mary
Thornton.The hotel proved to be so comfortable,
and the town so agreeable, that I speedily
resolved to prolong my stay. Luxuriating
in a new sense of idleness and irresponsibility,
I amused myself by observing the
habits and appearance of the tourists who
came and went at the house, and in a very
short time had begun to take special interest
in one young English party who had
arrived only a few days before, before myself
and who occupied rooms upon my floor.This party consisted of a gentleman in the
prime of life, tall and well bred in manner
who sat next to me every day at the table
dine, a pale, fragile looking lady, evi-
dently an invalid, who took all her meals
in her own room, and a serving maid,
whose manner was somewhat pert, and
whose aspect I thought unprepossessing.
My interest in the gentleman was entirely
due to the concern I felt for his wife, and
to the fact that she was awfully ill. In
sight of her sweet cold, pale face and emaciated
form. Her feeble condition appeared
to preclude her not only from frequenting
the public rooms downstairs, but even from
outdoor exercise, on very rare occasions
when she was accompanied by her husband.
More often I met her in the corridor leading to her apartment,
promenading to and fro the halls of her
home, a pale, fragile looking lady, evi-
dently an invalid, who took all her meals
in her own room, and a serving maid,
whose manner was somewhat pert, and
whose aspect I thought unprepossessing.
My interest in the gentleman was entirely
due to the concern I felt for his wife, and
to the fact that she was awfully ill. Insight of her sweet cold, pale face and emaciated
form. Her feeble condition appeared
to preclude her not only from frequenting
the public rooms downstairs, but even from
outdoor exercise, on very rare occasions
when she was accompanied by her husband.
More often I met her in the corridor leading to her apartment,
promenading to and fro the halls of her
home, a pale, fragile looking lady, evi-
dently an invalid, who took all her meals
in her own room, and a serving maid,
whose manner was somewhat pert, and
whose aspect I thought unprepossessing.
My interest in the gentleman was entirely
due to the concern I felt for his wife, and
to the fact that she was awfully ill. Insight of her sweet cold, pale face and emaciated
form. Her feeble condition appeared
to preclude her not only from frequenting
the public rooms downstairs, but even from
outdoor exercise, on very rare occasions
when she was accompanied by her husband.
More often I met her in the corridor leading to her apartment,
promenading to and fro the halls of her
home, a pale, fragile looking lady, evi-
dently an invalid, who took all her meals
in her own room, and a serving maid,
whose manner was somewhat pert, and
whose aspect I thought unprepossessing.
My interest in the gentleman was entirely
due to the concern I felt for his wife, and
to the fact that she was awfully ill. Insight of her sweet cold, pale face and emaciated
form. Her feeble condition appeared
to preclude her not only from frequenting
the public rooms downstairs, but even from
outdoor exercise, on very rare occasions
when she was accompanied by her husband.
More often I met her in the corridor leading to her apartment,
promenading to and fro the halls of her
home, a pale, fragile looking lady, evi-
dently an invalid, who took all her meals
in her own room, and a serving maid,
whose manner was somewhat pert, and
whose aspect I thought unprepossessing.
My interest in the gentleman was entirely
due to the concern I felt for his wife, and
to the fact that she was awfully ill. Insight of her sweet cold, pale face and emaciated
form. Her feeble condition appeared
to preclude her not only from frequenting
the public rooms downstairs, but even from
outdoor exercise, on very rare occasions
when she was accompanied by her husband.
More often I met her in the corridor leading to her apartment,
promenading to and fro the halls of her
home, a pale, fragile looking lady, evi-
dently an invalid, who took all her meals
in her own room, and a serving maid,
whose manner was somewhat pert, and
whose aspect I thought unprepossessing.
My interest in the gentleman was entirely
due to the concern I felt for his wife, and
to the fact that she was awfully ill. Insight of her sweet cold, pale face and emaciated
form. Her feeble condition appeared
to preclude her not only from frequenting
the public rooms downstairs, but even from
outdoor exercise, on very rare occasions
when she was accompanied by her husband.
More often I met her in the corridor leading to her apartment,
promenading to and fro the halls of her
home, a pale, fragile looking lady, evi-
dently an invalid, who took all her meals
in her own room, and a serving maid,
whose manner was somewhat pert, and
whose aspect I thought unprepossessing.
My interest in the gentleman was entirely
due to the concern I felt for his wife, and
to the fact that she was awfully ill. Insight of her sweet cold, pale face and emaciated
form. Her feeble condition appeared
to preclude her not only from frequenting
the public rooms downstairs, but even from
outdoor exercise, on very rare occasions
when she was accompanied by her husband.
More often I met her in the corridor leading to her apartment,
promenading to and fro the halls of her
home, a pale, fragile looking lady, evi-
dently an invalid, who took all her meals
in her own room, and a serving maid,
whose manner was somewhat pert, and
whose aspect I thought unprepossessing.
My interest in the gentleman was entirely
due to the concern I felt for his wife, and
to the fact that she was awfully ill. Insight of her sweet cold, pale face and emaciated
form. Her feeble condition appeared
to preclude her not only from frequenting
the public rooms downstairs, but even from
outdoor exercise, on very rare occasions
when she was accompanied by her husband.
More often I met her in the corridor leading to her apartment,
promenading to and fro the halls of her
home, a pale, fragile looking lady, evi-
dently an invalid, who took all her meals
in her own room, and a serving maid,
whose manner was somewhat pert, and
whose aspect I thought unprepossessing.
My interest in the gentleman was entirely
due to the concern I felt for his wife, and
to the fact that she was awfully ill. Insight of her sweet cold, pale face and emaciated
form. Her feeble condition appeared
to preclude her not only from frequenting
the public rooms downstairs, but even from
outdoor exercise, on very rare occasions
when she was accompanied by her husband.
More often I met her in the corridor leading to her apartment,
promenading to and fro the halls of her
home, a pale, fragile looking lady, evi-
dently an invalid, who took all her meals
in her own room, and a serving maid,
whose manner was somewhat pert, and
whose aspect I thought unprepossessing.
My interest in the gentleman was entirely
due to the concern I felt for his wife, and
to the fact that she was awfully ill. Insight of her sweet cold, pale face and emaciated
form. Her feeble condition appeared
to preclude her not only from frequenting
the public rooms downstairs, but even from
outdoor exercise, on very rare occasions
when she was accompanied by her husband.
More often I met her in the corridor leading to her apartment,
promenading to and fro the halls of her
home, a pale, fragile looking lady, evi-
dently an invalid, who took all her meals
in her own room, and a serving maid,
whose manner was somewhat pert, and
whose aspect I thought unprepossessing.
My interest in the gentleman was entirely
due to the concern I felt for his wife, and
to the fact that she was awfully ill. Insight of her sweet cold, pale face and emaciated
form. Her feeble condition appeared
to preclude her not only from frequenting
the public rooms downstairs, but even from
outdoor exercise, on very rare occasions
when she was accompanied by her husband.
More often I met her in the corridor leading to her apartment,
promenading to and fro the halls of her
home, a pale, fragile looking lady, evi-
dently an invalid, who took all her meals
in her own room, and a serving maid,
whose manner was somewhat pert, and
whose aspect I thought unprepossessing.
My interest in the gentleman was entirely
due to the concern I felt for his wife, and
to the fact that she was awfully ill. Insight of her sweet cold, pale face and emaciated
form. Her feeble condition appeared
to preclude her not only from frequenting
the public rooms downstairs, but even from
outdoor exercise, on very rare occasions
when she was accompanied by her husband.
More often I met her in the corridor leading to her apartment,
promenading to and fro the halls of her
home, a pale, fragile looking lady, evi-
dently an invalid, who took all her meals
in her own room, and a serving maid,
whose manner was somewhat pert, and
whose aspect I thought unprepossessing.
My interest in the gentleman was entirely
due to the concern I felt for his wife, and
to the fact that she was awfully ill. Insight of her sweet cold, pale face and emaciated
form. Her feeble condition appeared
to preclude her not only from frequenting
the public rooms downstairs, but even from
outdoor exercise, on very rare occasions
when she was accompanied by her husband.
More often I met her in the corridor leading to her apartment,
promenading to and fro the halls of her
home, a pale, fragile looking lady, evi-
dently an invalid, who took all her meals
in her own room, and a serving maid,
whose manner was somewhat pert, and
whose aspect I thought unprepossessing.
My interest in the gentleman was entirely
due to the concern I felt for his wife, and
to the fact that she was awfully ill. Insight of her sweet cold, pale face and emaciated
form. Her feeble condition appeared
to preclude her not only from frequenting
the public rooms downstairs, but even from
outdoor exercise, on very rare occasions
when she was accompanied by her husband.
More often I met her in the corridor leading to her apartment,
promenading to and fro the halls of her
home, a pale, fragile looking lady, evi-
dently an invalid, who took all her meals
in her own room, and a serving maid,
whose manner was somewhat pert, and
whose aspect I thought unprepossessing.
My interest in the gentleman was entirely
due to the concern I felt for his wife, and
to the fact that she was awfully ill. Insight of her sweet cold, pale face and emaciated
form. Her feeble condition appeared
to preclude her not only from frequenting
the public rooms downstairs, but even from
outdoor exercise, on very rare occasions
when she was accompanied by her husband.
More often I met her in the corridor leading to her apartment,
promenading to and fro the halls of her
home, a pale, fragile looking lady, evi-
dently an invalid, who took all her meals
in her own room, and a serving maid,
whose manner was somewhat pert, and
whose aspect I thought unprepossessing.
My interest in the gentleman was entirely
due to the concern I felt for his wife, and
to the fact that she was awfully ill. Insight of her sweet cold, pale face and emaciated
form. Her feeble condition appeared
to preclude her not only from frequenting
the public rooms downstairs, but even from
outdoor exercise, on very rare occasions
when she was accompanied by her husband.
More often I met her in the corridor leading to her apartment,
promenading to and fro the halls of her
home, a pale, fragile looking lady, evi-
dently an invalid, who took all her meals
in her own room, and a serving maid,
whose manner was somewhat pert, and
whose aspect I thought unprepossessing.
My interest in the gentleman was entirely
due to the concern I felt for his wife, and
to the fact that she was awfully ill. Insight of her sweet cold, pale face and emaciated
form. Her feeble condition appeared
to preclude her not only from frequenting
the public rooms downstairs, but even from
outdoor exercise, on very rare occasions
when she was accompanied by her husband.
More often I met her in the corridor leading to her apartment,
promenading to and fro the halls of her
home, a pale, fragile looking lady, evi-
dently an invalid, who took all her meals
in her own room, and a serving maid,
whose manner was somewhat pert, and
whose aspect I thought unprepossessing.
My interest in the gentleman was entirely
due to the concern I felt for his wife, and
to the fact that she was awfully ill. Insight of her sweet cold, pale face and emaciated
form. Her feeble condition appeared
to preclude her not only from frequenting
the public rooms downstairs, but even from
outdoor exercise, on very rare occasions
when she was accompanied by her husband.
More often I met her in the corridor leading to her apartment,
promenading to and fro the halls of her
home, a pale, fragile looking lady, evi-
dently an invalid, who took all her meals
in her own room, and a serving maid,
whose manner was somewhat pert, and
whose aspect I thought unprepossessing.
My interest in the gentleman was entirely
due to the concern I felt for his wife, and
to the fact that she was awfully ill. Insight of her sweet cold, pale face and emaciated
form. Her feeble condition appeared
to preclude her not only from frequenting
the public rooms downstairs, but even from
outdoor exercise, on very rare occasions
when she was accompanied by her husband.
More often I met her in the corridor leading to her apartment,
promenading to and fro the halls of her
home, a pale, fragile looking lady, evi-
dently an invalid, who took all her meals
in her own room, and a serving maid,
whose manner was somewhat pert, and
whose aspect I thought unprepossessing.
My interest in the gentleman was entirely
due to the concern I felt for his wife, and
to the fact that she was awfully ill. Insight of her sweet cold, pale face and emaciated
form. Her feeble condition appeared
to preclude her not only from frequenting
the public rooms downstairs, but even from
outdoor exercise, on very rare occasions
when she was accompanied by her husband.
More often I met her in the corridor leading to her apartment,
promenading to and fro the halls of her
home, a pale, fragile looking lady, evi-
dently an invalid, who took all her meals
in her own room, and a serving maid,
whose manner was somewhat pert, and
whose aspect I thought unprepossessing.
My interest in the gentleman was entirely
due to the concern I felt for his wife, and
to the fact that she was awfully ill. Insight of her sweet cold, pale face and emaciated
form. Her feeble condition appeared
to preclude her not only from frequenting
the public rooms downstairs, but even from
outdoor exercise, on very rare occasions
when she was accompanied by her husband.
More often I met her in the corridor leading to her apartment,
promenading to and fro the halls of her
home, a pale, fragile looking lady, evi-
dently an invalid, who took all her meals
in her own room, and a serving maid,
whose manner was somewhat pert, and
whose aspect I thought unprepossessing.
My interest in the gentleman was entirely
due to the concern I felt for his wife, and
to the fact that she was awfully ill. Insight of her sweet cold, pale face and emaciated
form. Her feeble condition appeared
to preclude her not only from frequenting
the public rooms downstairs, but even from
outdoor exercise, on very rare occasions
when she was accompanied by her husband.
More often I met her in the corridor leading to her apartment,
promenading to and fro the halls of her
home, a pale, fragile looking lady, evi-
dently an invalid, who took all her meals
in her own room, and a serving maid,
whose manner was somewhat pert, and
whose aspect I thought unprepossessing.
My interest in the gentleman was entirely
due to the concern I felt for his wife, and
to the fact that she was awfully ill. Insight of her sweet cold, pale face and emaciated
form. Her feeble condition appeared
to preclude her not only from frequenting
the public rooms downstairs, but even from
outdoor exercise, on very rare occasions
when she was accompanied by her husband.
More often I met her in the corridor leading to her apartment,
promenading to and fro the halls of her
home, a pale, fragile looking lady, evi-
dently an invalid, who took all her meals
in her own room, and a serving maid,
whose manner was somewhat pert, and
whose aspect I thought unprepossessing.
My interest in the gentleman was entirely
due to the concern I felt for his wife, and
to the fact that she was awfully ill. Insight of her sweet cold, pale face and emaciated
form. Her feeble condition appeared
to preclude her not only from frequenting
the public rooms downstairs, but even from
outdoor exercise, on very rare occasions
when she was accompanied by her husband.
More often I met her in the corridor leading to her apartment,
promenading to and fro the halls of her
home, a pale, fragile looking lady, evi-
dently an invalid, who took all her meals
in her own room, and a serving maid,
whose manner was somewhat pert, and
whose aspect I thought unprepossessing.
My interest in the gentleman was entirely
due to the concern I felt for his wife, and
to the fact that she was awfully ill. Insight of her sweet cold, pale face and emaciated
form. Her feeble condition appeared
to preclude her not only from frequenting
the public rooms downstairs, but even from
outdoor exercise, on very rare occasions
when she was accompanied by her husband.
More often I met her in the corridor leading to her apartment,
promenading to and fro the halls of her
home, a pale, fragile looking lady, evi-
dently an invalid, who took all her meals
in her own room, and a serving maid,
whose manner was somewhat pert, and
whose aspect I thought unprepossessing.
My interest in the gentleman was entirely
due to the concern I felt for his wife, and
to the fact that she was awfully ill. Insight of her sweet cold, pale face and emaciated
form. Her feeble condition appeared
to preclude her not only from frequenting
the public rooms downstairs, but even from
outdoor exercise, on very rare occasions
when she was accompanied by her husband.
More often I met her in the

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MISSING AND THIS COUNTRY.

BY MARY E. DOUGLASS.

A cobbler, weary of jacking his thread, left his workshop to sit by the chimney, in the mellowing glow. From the outside red.

Makes a charming picture of him and his wife, in shadow, morn round the room. To finish the tail with the dawn begun, For with the daylight she quitted the room.

The work of the woman is surely done.

Now, resting her broom, that over and over Had left the grip of a thirty hand, she lay down on the floor, the door:

"Hist, harken, the mornin', 'ne ver I stand."

I stand of a sure drowsin'.

Then callish for comfort, "Truth," she said.

"The wretched wall, and if to me The cover the portion, 'were well to see."

She meeting along in an earnest way, Lit by the glow of their lanterns bairns' And the bairns that is warmed by a candle's ray.

And the little brown dog, before, behind, Baa'd, baa'd, baa'd, baa'd, baa'd, baa'd, baa'd.

Whate'er they're making the darkness through.

Never and never the sound is heard;

They harken and folk have not a word.

And now there are sure 'tis a man that calls,

For prou' in the rawin' and the rain.

And the bairns that is warmed by a candle's ray.

Trapped in the dark by an open drain.

Strong is the helpful hand put down

Unto the chasm—strong and deep.

But the light of the lantern into the chasm,

Even the dog with paws still,

And the bairns that is warmed by a candle's ray.

The girl was born in the morning sun,

Then her departeth, while Name and his wife

Are full of content that they have done.

But little they know that their bairns' done still,

Had stirred to gratitude one whose Name

Makes the gift that he sends them fruitful sun.

Of treasures, born of an artist's Name.

Little they dreamed 'twas Mierie that fell

(After bidding good night to his friend Jan Steens).

Bindin' the darkness, into the wall,

And little they thought when they took him in,

A spittin' to, shelter and feed,

That Name had hundred and eight times told,

Wearin' a manna, to ate their need,

Out of a picture quickly sold;

Out to the bairns—garden manna;

And the bairns' wife and the little brown dog.

Who lay at his master's foot,

When the red glow faded from the chimney top,

Came blamin' and furtin'.

"Wife," quoth he,

And his thankful mood God's word

To the least, if ye do, ye do to Me;

We helped the painter, but worked for Christ."

—(Franz Mierie, born at Leyden, 1654.)

Tom's Christmas Gift.

BY F. HENRY INGLE.

The glad season of joy and festivity—Christmas, had returned with its bursts of pleasure to the high and lowly. All over the big city of Philadelphia were seen the unfading signs of the bustling trade of the season. The shops were full of purchasers, and the streets thronged by thousands, busily engaged in either sight seeing or prospecting to buy.

The weather was beautiful, and such was its effect, that the faces which always seem to smile at the happy Yuletide, appeared more blithesome than ever.

Among the many who were making efforts to honor the occasion fittingly, were the Lloyds. They lived in the western part of the city, and consisted of the mother, two grown sons, and a distant relative, Annie Sweet, an orphan, reared by Mrs. Lloyd from childhood. In fact she had been so long with them that she was looked upon as one of the family, and Annie's interests were as near and dear as if she had been a daughter and a sister.

The two boys—Tom and Sam, were machinists working in Washington, one of the largest establishments in the section where they resided. They earned fair wages, for both were good mechanics, though Tom was by far the best. As an offset to this advantage, however, which long before might have made him foreman of the works, he was very intemperate and careless. Indeed, valuable as he was to his employer, this failing would have caused his discharge had not Mr. Wash have thought that, as a matter of course, his brother would have also left, and, rather than permit this, he suffered his intemperance. As it was, therefore, the principal discomfort attending Tom's periodical "sprees," so far as he experienced them himself, was a tendency to be continually in want of money.

At home and abroad he was what is generally known as a "dear fellow." He possessed all the peculiar faculty of listening quietly to any amount of advice, and the forgetting all about it, no matter whence the advice came. His mother, brother, employer and others had frequently reason to be satisfied with his folly, but though he never attempted to controvert any of their arguments, he was just as careful not to put them in practice. Even the prayers of Annie Sweet, who had more influence over him in his drunken moments than anyone, were just as unheeded as the words he said.

It was the week before the great day, and already its rumble was heard in the speculations of the Lloyd household, as to what it would bring forth. One thing, however, was certain, concerning their foster sister. It might have been the fact that, with the New Year she would be sixteen, or it may merely have been the expression of their old good will, but Mrs. Lloyd and her elder son, each determined on giving her a more than ordinary attractive present.

Tom, half stupid, was present at the family conclav where this resolution was passed, but he said nothing. Still, there shone a strange light in his eye, and some thing very like a cloud of sorrow seemed to cross over his face.

This delusion had continued a week, and only when he ran out of means did he stop. It was usual with him to signalize the season by a special uniform, and he started several weeks before Christ mass, and concluding well into the New Year thus, "bunching" as it were, the festive opportunities of both. By a little mistaking in this instance, however, he found himself out of funds, the machine works closed until the end of the month, and his most exacting occasions before him. This combination of untoward circumstances was probably in his mind's eye, and led him to the pros and cons of his mother and brother, and Annie's gifts, and no doubt did something to brighten his eye and darken his handsome countenance.

A day or two afterward Mrs. Lloyd and Sam set out with miserably inadequate ex-

cess on some mysterious errand to the city. Tom and Annie were thus left alone. The former was quite sober, though complaining of fever, and had been unusually thoughtful for some time. Annie was at the sewing machine, and Tom sitting on the lounge as the others left the house, but when the front door closed upon them, he said—

"Annie, will you come here a moment?

I want to speak to you."

His voice sounded strangely to the girl's ears, but she rose at once and placed her self beside him.

"I intended," he began, and his effort to repress his feelings was only too apparent in his trembling tones, "to have given you something this year, to show you how deeply obliged I am to you for what you have done, and said for my good to you, but I will not be able to leave you to me, but when the front door closed upon them, he said—

"Annie, will you come here a moment?

I want to speak to you."

His voice sounded strangely to the girl's ears, but she rose at once and placed her self beside him.

"I intended," he began, and his effort to repress his feelings was only too apparent in his trembling tones, "to have given you something this year, to show you how deeply obliged I am to you for what you have done, and said for my good to you, but I will not be able to leave you to me, but when the front door closed upon them, he said—

"Annie, will you come here a moment?

I want to speak to you."

His voice sounded strangely to the girl's ears, but she rose at once and placed her self beside him.

"I intended," he began, and his effort to repress his feelings was only too apparent in his trembling tones, "to have given you something this year, to show you how deeply obliged I am to you for what you have done, and said for my good to you, but I will not be able to leave you to me, but when the front door closed upon them, he said—

"Annie, will you come here a moment?

I want to speak to you."

His voice sounded strangely to the girl's ears, but she rose at once and placed her self beside him.

"I intended," he began, and his effort to repress his feelings was only too apparent in his trembling tones, "to have given you something this year, to show you how deeply obliged I am to you for what you have done, and said for my good to you, but I will not be able to leave you to me, but when the front door closed upon them, he said—

"Annie, will you come here a moment?

I want to speak to you."

His voice sounded strangely to the girl's ears, but she rose at once and placed her self beside him.

"I intended," he began, and his effort to repress his feelings was only too apparent in his trembling tones, "to have given you something this year, to show you how deeply obliged I am to you for what you have done, and said for my good to you, but I will not be able to leave you to me, but when the front door closed upon them, he said—

"Annie, will you come here a moment?

I want to speak to you."

His voice sounded strangely to the girl's ears, but she rose at once and placed her self beside him.

"I intended," he began, and his effort to repress his feelings was only too apparent in his trembling tones, "to have given you something this year, to show you how deeply obliged I am to you for what you have done, and said for my good to you, but I will not be able to leave you to me, but when the front door closed upon them, he said—

"Annie, will you come here a moment?

I want to speak to you."

His voice sounded strangely to the girl's ears, but she rose at once and placed her self beside him.

"I intended," he began, and his effort to repress his feelings was only too apparent in his trembling tones, "to have given you something this year, to show you how deeply obliged I am to you for what you have done, and said for my good to you, but I will not be able to leave you to me, but when the front door closed upon them, he said—

"Annie, will you come here a moment?

I want to speak to you."

His voice sounded strangely to the girl's ears, but she rose at once and placed her self beside him.

"I intended," he began, and his effort to repress his feelings was only too apparent in his trembling tones, "to have given you something this year, to show you how deeply obliged I am to you for what you have done, and said for my good to you, but I will not be able to leave you to me, but when the front door closed upon them, he said—

"Annie, will you come here a moment?

I want to speak to you."

His voice sounded strangely to the girl's ears, but she rose at once and placed her self beside him.

"I intended," he began, and his effort to repress his feelings was only too apparent in his trembling tones, "to have given you something this year, to show you how deeply obliged I am to you for what you have done, and said for my good to you, but I will not be able to leave you to me, but when the front door closed upon them, he said—

"Annie, will you come here a moment?

I want to speak to you."

His voice sounded strangely to the girl's ears, but she rose at once and placed her self beside him.

"I intended," he began, and his effort to repress his feelings was only too apparent in his trembling tones, "to have given you something this year, to show you how deeply obliged I am to you for what you have done, and said for my good to you, but I will not be able to leave you to me, but when the front door closed upon them, he said—

"Annie, will you come here a moment?

I want to speak to you."

His voice sounded strangely to the girl's ears, but she rose at once and placed her self beside him.

"I intended," he began, and his effort to repress his feelings was only too apparent in his trembling tones, "to have given you something this year, to show you how deeply obliged I am to you for what you have done, and said for my good to you, but I will not be able to leave you to me, but when the front door closed upon them, he said—

"Annie, will you come here a moment?

I want to speak to you."

His voice sounded strangely to the girl's ears, but she rose at once and placed her self beside him.

"I intended," he began, and his effort to repress his feelings was only too apparent in his trembling tones, "to have given you something this year, to show you how deeply obliged I am to you for what you have done, and said for my good to you, but I will not be able to leave you to me, but when the front door closed upon them, he said—

"Annie, will you come here a moment?

I want to speak to you."

His voice sounded strangely to the girl's ears, but she rose at once and placed her self beside him.

"I intended," he began, and his effort to repress his feelings was only too apparent in his trembling tones, "to have given you something this year, to show you how deeply obliged I am to you for what you have done, and said for my good to you, but I will not be able to leave you to me, but when the front door closed upon them, he said—

"Annie, will you come here a moment?

I want to speak to you."

His voice sounded strangely to the girl's ears, but she rose at once and placed her self beside him.

"I intended," he began, and his effort to repress his feelings was only too apparent in his trembling tones, "to have given you something this year, to show you how deeply obliged I am to you for what you have done, and said for my good to you, but I will not be able to leave you to me, but when the front door closed upon them, he said—

"Annie, will you come here a moment?

I want to speak to you."

His voice sounded strangely to the girl's ears, but she rose at once and placed her self beside him.

"I intended," he began, and his effort to repress his feelings was only too apparent in his trembling tones, "to have given you something this year, to show you how deeply obliged I am to you for what you have done, and said for my good to you, but I will not be able to leave you to me, but when the front door closed upon them, he said—

"Annie, will you come here a moment?

I want to speak to you."

His voice sounded strangely to the girl's ears, but she rose at once and placed her self beside him.

"I intended," he began, and his effort to repress his feelings was only too apparent in his trembling tones, "to have given you something this year, to show you how deeply obliged I am to you for what you have done, and said for my good to you, but I will not be able to leave you to me, but when the front door closed upon them, he said—

"Annie, will you come here a moment?

I want to speak to you."

His voice sounded strangely to the